

of chimney-sweeps. At 10 o'clock every night one went by. One night mama was sitting at the table and I was under it waiting, hot and uncomfortable, for the chimney-sweep to pass. At 10 o'clock he came around the corner and the sound of his horn came nearer and nearer. At last it was right at the front door. I was very much frightened when a knock came. Mama told me to go to the door, but I was nailed to the floor for the time being. Mama went to the door and someone said in a harsh voice, "Is there a girl here by the name of Grace?" Mama said, "Yes." I was very frightened until the chimney-sweep had gone past for I thought it was he, but it was only the lady downstairs.

B Fifth Grade,
Rosdale School. —Grace Jobe,
4355 Blaisdell Ave.

A POOR STUDY HOUR.

One evening I sat at the table trying to study my geography. I had just finished sweeping the floor and my mother said I might have an hour for study by myself. Just as I was comfortably seated and turning the pages, there was a rap at the door. On opening it I found one of my mother's friends. She went into the parlor and began to chat with mother. Being by myself again I resumed my study. I looked at the clock and saw I had only forty-five minutes left for study. Just as I came to the hardest part of my lesson, a peal of laughter came from the next room. That took my mind from my work and it was a long time before I could get it back to my lesson again. When I had fairly begun to study, the clock struck, thus ending my hour of study. And I found that I knew no more about the lesson than when I had begun.

B Seventh Grade,
Margaret Fuller School. —Pamella G. Johnson,
4543 Pillsbury Avenue.

THE FIRST THORN.

One day a few weeks after the school term had closed, it was decided that I was to take a trip to the country. I was very much pleased at this, as I always enjoyed myself on the farm. A new dress was made for me and letters were written stating the day of my arrival and asking that somebody be sure to meet me at the station. Mama said I might stay till I grew lonesome, so I decided to spend my whole vacation there, as I was sure I would never be lonesome. I wanted to go so much that I could not sit still in the depot. I kept continually running out to see if the train was coming. Finally it came and with the hour of departure, I found that I was not so satisfied to go as I had been before. When I had said good-bye to my parents, sisters, brothers and friends, the hour of dissatisfaction arrived.

A Seventh Grade,
Blaine School. —Margaret Luby,
1116 Aldrich Avenue N.

A SHORT DELAY.

My father and sister had gone to the country and left my brother to take care of his store. I went there nearly every day and we talked about many things. After two weeks my father came home and my brother went to the same place where he had been and stayed there awhile. Then when he was coming home he wrote to us. We wanted to meet him, so we went to the carline and waited. My sister was coming with him, and we expected them at 6:30. We waited at the carline but they did not appear, so we went home. We thought that maybe they had not caught the train. My mother sent me to the store and on my way I met them. I ran to the store and back and when I reached home they told us how they came to be so late "at the hour of meeting."

A Fifth Grade,
Harrison School. —Wymen Lahtinen,
233 Humboldt Avenue N.

STARS OF THE SOUTH.

When we were in Mexico we were told that the southern cross could be seen about midnight from where we were stopping. As we did not want to miss seeing such a noted constellation, we decided to stay up. On the hotel there was a roof garden and a tower that looked far above the neighboring huts and stores, so that a fine view could be obtained of the heavens and surrounding mountains. From this tower could be seen many interesting objects, among them, the palace of Cortez, which was built in the sixteenth century, and his plantation with the sugar factory which was built at the same time. I teased to stay up, but my mother said I must lie down until midnight. Then I was aroused and we mounted the rickety stairs that led to the tower. In these small Mexican villages, there are no lights, so there was nothing to make the constellation seem dim. As I looked at the surrounding country I thought it was beautiful, the peaceful village sleeping at our feet and the mountains which loomed above the surrounding country like giant sentinels guarding it. When we reached the top of the tower we scanned the heavens and decided that the southern cross must be the one on the horizon which was the most beautiful group of stars in the heavens. Thus it was that at the hour of midnight I saw the southern cross.

A Eighth Grade,
Emerson School. —John MacMillan,
321 Clifton Avenue.

COZY AND HOME-LIKE.

At the hour of 6 there is a pause in the business world and the people active in commercial pursuits seek their homes for a much-needed rest after their day's work. Oh, how many happy hearts there are at 6 o'clock p.m. over the home coming of papas, brothers and big sisters. This, I imagine, is the happiest hour of the day. The family circle is complete and all enjoy each other's experiences and await calls from friends and neighbors. How pleasant it all seems, mama in her easy chair, papa in slippers enjoying the pipe of peace and sister playing the piano. Little brother teases kitty and I prepare my lessons for school in order to pass at Christmas time. That is what usually happens in our home about 6 o'clock.

A Fifth Grade,
Whittier School. —Ruth McNicol,
2224 Grand Avenue.

UNDER SQUIRRELS' TREES.

One day at the hour of 10 a.m. I was walking thru the woods and sat down to rest. As I sat there I felt something drop on my head. I thought somebody was throwing stones at me. I got up and looked around, but could not see anyone. Then I sat down again and soon I felt it again. I got up and looked around once more and then I sat down by another tree, but whatever it was still kept on hitting me, so I decided to go home. When I reached home I sat down under a tree to rest and it began to hit me again. I looked around and then I looked up in the tree where I saw a squirrel throwing nuts at me. I went in and told my mother and she came out to see it. I told her that the squirrel had been hitting me with acorns. She laughed and said it was good enough for me. I

thought it was the same squirrel that had bothered me in the woods, but that was the end of the fun.

A Fifth Grade,
Longfellow School. —Willis K. Nothaker,
3016 Twenty-third Ave. S.

THE GOBLIN GLOW.

It was at the most witching time of night, that, with a party of friends, I was returning home from a Halloween party. We had hardly gone a few yards before something directly in front of us held us spellbound. We stood fascinated, our gaze riveted on that unknown object looming up before us. We heard a clock strike the half hour, so we surmised that it was half-past eleven. At the expiration of what seemed an age, some of the boys gathered courage enough to go to see what it was. Moving on, we saw a light, and following it for half a block, we found the cause of all our fright was a huge magic lantern, which, having the reflector turned toward us, sent lurid and ghostly shadows for blocks around us. The person who played the joke was nowhere to be seen. Evidently he thought his work was finished. So, considering what a scare we had, and other little incidents which happened on the rest of our way, I shall never forget that "hour of midnight."

B Eighth Grade,
Holland School. —Minnie Olson,
2646 Central Avenue.

LAUGHED AT HERSELF.

The hour of greatest dread for me was one evening when it was cold and windy out-of-doors and I went to bed unusually early. I thought I saw a white figure crawling on the floor and I screamed, "Mother, a ghost!" My mother came up in a hurry, thinking perhaps I was dreaming. She lighted the lamp, looked about and found a large piece of wrapping paper which someone had left there. After I knew what it was I had a good laugh to think I had been frightened by a piece of paper.

A Fifth Grade,
Schiller School. —Esther Petzold,
2321 Grand Street NE.

"TO WHAT BASE USES."



Extract from a Country Newspaper—"Our esteemed resident, Professor Jumpety, has abandoned all hope of patenting his flying machine, and has presented it to Farmer Turmats, who uses it as a scarecrow."—Chums.

DOING THINGS ALONE.

One day I went to a party which was to be from 4 to 8 o'clock, and for which mother had made me a new silk dress. My mother took me to the house and then left me. I thought I was a big girl to be at a party alone, so I decided to go home alone. It happened to be a very dark night, but I was not afraid. When the clock struck half-past nine, I put on all my wraps. The lady asked me where I was going. I told her, "Out on the porch," so she said, "All right." But when I was outside I thought I could find my way home. I ran for three blocks and lost my way. Then I went back to the house and commenced to cry. The lady said my mother had been there for me and had gone out to look for me and finally had gone home thinking I might be there. At last, my mother came back to the house and asked if I had come back. The lady said that I was just going to bed, but mama said she would rather have me sleep at home. I never had such a hard time in my life after an hour of fun.

A Fifth Grade,
Marey School. —Emma Robertson,
1516 Eighth Street SE.

A BLUE SCHOOL DAY.

One Tuesday afternoon the children in Miss A.'s room were very restless. They could not get their arithmetic; they could not find the words of their reading in the dictionary and everything seemed to go wrong. Miss A. was cross, at least the children thought she was, and they simply could not stop laughing and whispering. After a while Miss A.'s patience gave way and she said that if they did not keep quiet they would have to keep their seats until 4 o'clock that night. Even this did not stop their whispering. At half-past three, when the children began to pack their books, Miss A. said that they must stay in rest position until 4 o'clock. You can imagine the thoughts of the children as they sat there waiting for 4 o'clock to come. When it came at last they resolved to be a great deal quieter the next day.

B Eighth Grade,
Madison School. —Blanche Rowan,
501 East Grant Street.

TRYING TO COOL OFF.

I can remember very distinctly an incident that occurred while we were at the lake one summer. My brother at that time was but 8 years old. It was an exceedingly sultry day in July when a person will do most anything to cool off. As I looked from my bedroom, where I sat reading, the lake seemed to me more beautiful and calm than I had ever seen it. I gazed and gazed and finally to my surprise I saw a figure fall into the water. In a moment I heard my brother scream and I ran to his assistance. By the time I reached him and helped him to shore he was quite over his fright and said, "My! the hour of danger was close at hand."

A Seventh Grade,
Rosdale School. —Jessie Smith,
4306 Blaisdell Avenue.

THE EIGHTS AND NINES.

One night when we were all abed, I remembered that I did not know my tables of eights and nines. I looked out of the window and it was bright moonlight, then I pulled my bed to the window and went quietly downstairs to find the paper on which I had written my tables. Going upstairs again I made up my mind that I would learn my tables by moonlight because there was to be a test in school the next morning. I went to my room and to bed and lay there saying my tables over and over until it was nearly 12 o'clock. Then I looked across the Mississippi river and I saw a mass of flames. It was a

fire in one of the buildings of the university. I called the whole family up to see the fire. They asked me how it happened that I was the first one in the house to see it, and I told them. I always remember the hour of 12 that night.

B Fifth Grade,
Horace Mann School. —George Swenson,
3135 Columbus Avenue.

A SKITTISH HORSE.

One day last summer I was playing with some other boys when I heard someone call me. I thought it was another boy, so I did not answer. I heard it again and then I went to see who it was. I found that it was my uncle, who asked me if I cared to go to the circus with him. Of course I said, "Yes," so he told me to get ready because the circus began at 3:50 p.m., and it was 3 o'clock then. I was ready in ten minutes and then we set out in his buggy. His horse was very wild. When we had driven about seven blocks we met a large automobile which was a strange sight to the horse. He reared and then ran. I was very frightened and hung to the seat. At last we bumped a rock and I was thrown out but was not hurt. My uncle finally stopped the horse and came back for me and we went home. This happened at half-past three.

A Sixth Grade,
Lincoln School. —Carl Schuler,
723 Queen Avenue N.

DECEIVING THE DARKNESS.

Sometime we learned, somewhere we have heard, that there are twenty-four hours in the day. Some of those hours are light and some are dark, for both are in the world governed by nature and in our little world ruled chiefly by dispositions. Perhaps, at the hour of 7 in the morning we are hurrying about, still burning the light that was a light at 7 the evening before, and yet that hour may be full of glowing radiance and sunshine. When I was small I remember once of making the startling statement that I intended some wonderful night to fool the darkness, and stay awake until dawn and see what midnight was in every sense of the word. After much planning I at last gathered together the necessary apparatus for the experiment, and settled down to watch. But that man who is a dealer in sand was "on the road," and left me a supply of his goods, so my plans were doomed to failure. To my mind, the hour of midnight was always full of wonders, delights and thrilling experiences. Then it was, in the fairy tales, that goblins, elves and dwarfs came forth and danced on the grassy slopes outside the window. At that hour the mouse ran up the clock, and the manly prince overcame the last of the three terrible tasks and freed the beautiful princess. At the breakfast table I heard the family discuss the various events taking place at that appalling hour. Oh, how I longed to live thru that period of time, the hour of midnight. Even now, after these long years, when the longing has been gratified, the hour still holds pleasures and joyful recollections for me.

B Twelfth Grade,
South High School. —Clara Shepley,
2607 Chicago Avenue.

WAKING-TIDE.

I dread the hour of 7 a.m., for then mama calls me and I am always very sleepy. As soon as I hear her go downstairs I go off into a deep slumber again. "Breakfast is ready!" is the call I hear next. "Dear! dear!" I say. "I must get up sometime, so I might as well do it now." Up I jump to put on my shoes and stockings and like as not find my stockings turned inside out. When I have my shoe half laced the shoestrings probably breaks. In fact, so many things happen while I dress that I am very glad that hour comes but once a day.

B Sixth Grade,
Bryant School. —Elsie Weidman,
3416 Second Avenue S.

WEIGHING A DAY.

It seems to me that the hour of twilight is the best of all. Then the work and care of the day is done and the first shadows of evening come creeping over the land, bringing a quiet, peaceful feeling. It is then, as I sit looking over the waters of the lake and watching the sun setting, that I think over the events of the day and wonder if it has been well spent or if I must count it with those of which the poet has said:

Think that day lost whose low, descending sun,
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

If it has been such a day I resolve to turn over a new leaf. Some days it has been an easy task, but once, I remember, it was not. The alarm forgot to go off and my shoestrings broke in my rush to dress and then breakfast was not ready. I was about to say something unkind when my resolve of the night before came into my mind. That night at the hour of sunset I could say to myself, "This day has been well spent," and I went to bed in joy and peace.

B Seventh Grade,
Kenwood School. —Emily Wallorf,
220 Sheridan Avenue S.

DETERMINED NUTTERS.

When I was 6 years old three of us boys decided to take a holiday and go to the woods to pick nuts. We set the day, which was about a week ahead. Each day we gathered new things and made all the preparations possible. We had two air-guns and a sling-shot with which we were going to hunt birds. At last the day came. It was dark and looked like rain, but we determined to go anyway, no matter if it rained cats and dogs, as one of the boys said, and even tho our mothers said that if we came home wet we would be whipped. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain. We did not know what to do. We had a great many nuts, so it would be hard work to run and we were afraid to get wet, so we sat under a tree to wait until the rain stopped. But it did not stop. We were growing hungry and wanted something to eat. We were about to cry when I looked at my watch and it was 5 o'clock. Soon a buggy drove up with my brother in it and we all were taken home, thanking the lucky hour of five.

B Eighth Grade,
Logan School. —Arthur Nuessle,
1523 Girard Avenue N.

ALWAYS WELCOMED.

I always like the hour of supper, because when I go to school I am always hungry and I am happy when the supper hour comes. It does not matter where I go, I am always hungry when that time comes. When I go into the woods just for a walk or go out to the creek for a swim, I always like to come home about supper time, so that I will not have to wait for it when I reach home. Even if I stay around the house all day I do not like to wait for supper. When I come home and supper is not ready, I try to hurry and help mother so she can have the supper quick and I will not have to wait. That is why I like the hour of supper.

B Seventh Grade,
Horace Mann School. —Clarence Straiton,
2200 Sheridan Avenue S.